THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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'Tis education forms the tender mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd. POPE.

IF it were possible for an author so to write as to receive the approbation of all his readers, the task would indeed be very pleasing; but since this, in the nature of things, is impossible, every person who addresses the public, ought to proceed in that manner which he thinks will have the greatest tendency to promote the general good. He must possess an independence of principle, which cannot be placed under any influence but that of morality; such an undeviating line of conduct, in pursuing the general plan described by utility and virtue, as will ever insure him the approbation of the just and good; and he must pay no attention to the silly objections made by the gay flatterers, who are pleased with nothing but what exactly quadrates with their own volatile notions. These observations have been made in consequence of the following letters.—

TO MR. OBADIAH OPTIC.

SIR,

By the sentimental manner in which you write, I have painted your likeness—I have drawn you a sour-faced old fellow of sixty, sick with the world, having renounced all its pleasures. Throw away your pen old Optic—it will not do.—Do you think your wise saws and old proverbs can please us young fellows of twenty-one—no, no, if you have a mind that your '*Eye*' should succeed, quit your moralizing, give us life and fun; let us have drinking songs, love-catches, funny anecdotes and epigrams; let wit reign, humour keep the

table in a roar, and then old boy, you will please many, very many spirited lads, as well as TOM FROLICK.

TO MR. OBADIAH OPTIC.

I ASSURE you, sir, I am not at all pleased with your '*Eye*;' I suppose you thought none of your readers had bibles, so you must forsooth, give us almost a *whole chapter*, and then the subject, *the character of a good wife*—why, my husband has found it in the bible, marked down the chapter, and we have it rung in our ears, morning, noon and night; and then, he is always making *comparisons*; if I happen to sleep an hour too long in the morning, I hear immediately at the breakfast table "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens;" even think of it, and consider what you have done; why, the other day he very gravely read the verse, "She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff," and then remarked that he thought, I should buy wheels, and have Miss LOUISA and Miss MARIA, and Miss ANNA taught to spin! Why sir, your impertinence in giving us this character, which was before never thought of, at least by my husband, has placed us in a strange quandary; nothing but the good wife, the good wife, the good wife—rot your good wife, must we be all so plagued about her rising in the morning, buying fields, spinning flax, making linen, cloathing her family, &c. &c.; but since you have foolishly given us the character of a good wife, give us also, if you can any where find it, the character of a good husband, that so when our husbands tell us of the one, we may at least be able to come down upon them with the other. Your's,

DOLLY WORD-ABOUT.

TO MR. OPTIC.

SIR,

I AM a young girl of seventeen, and when I subscribed for your '*Eye*,' promised myself a weekly feast of some pretty new things; but indeed, I am disappointed. We have no tales, no romances, no novels, for of your HENRY, *or story without a name*, as yet, I can say nothing; but instead of this, instead of telling us about love, or new fashions, or even deaths, marriages, or the news of the day, you are constantly talking about *industry*, and *spinning*, and *good wives*; why Ma, who

by the bye, is very fond of you, has really caused sister and me to wash our own linen, and make clothes for our little brothers. I wish you would, Mr. OPTIC, talk no more of INDUSTRY, but give us novels and romances; and do, put a note in your next number, advising Mamma not to suffer us to spoil the beauty of our hands by working, and you will much oblige your reader, MARIA GAY.

On these letters, I shall make no comment, they must speak for themselves; but the subject recommended in the following interests me.

TO MR. OPTIC.

SIR,

I HAVE long thought that Americans are very inattentive to one thing, which is carefully observed in other countries, I mean the article of *biography*; in Europe, the memory of their poets, painters, engravers, are carefully preserved, their great men, eminent for their virtues, their *great men* execrable for their vices, all have a nitch in the page of fame; but in this country, our patriots fall, scarcely remembered! Those heroes who achieved our independence, who bled in the field of glory to make sure our liberty, pass away and are heard of no more! Sincerely I wish to see this evil, for an evil I call it, remedied; dedicate, sir, I intreat you, a page or two of the '*Eye*' to articles of *biography*, that so oblivion may not swallow up in its dark gulph, worthies to whom we are so much indebted. I am sir, your friend,

OLD SEVENTY-SIX.

Nothing can be more agreeable to me than the hint of my old friend; and I earnestly request my valuable correspondents to transmit to me such articles of *biography* as may answer the wish of OLD SEVENTY-SIX. All anecdotes also of men, lovers of the arts, improvers of science, and friends to their country's independence will be gratefully received and punctually attended to by their friend, OBADIAH OPTIC.

THE best dowery to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she hath in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behaviour modesty, and in her life virtue.

NOTHING can atone for the want of modesty and innocence without which beauty is ungraceful and quality contemptible.

ORIGINAL.

THE SPECTACLES.—No. X.

Et horrenti tunicam non reddere servo? JUV.

Yet wants the soul a single piece to spare,
To clothe the slave, that shivering stands, and bare. GIFFORD.

WE often look to the high and fashionable classes of society for rules by which we are to be governed, and frequently make their conduct a standard for our own; we suppose, that to err with them is justifiable, and console ourselves in the pursuit of vice, by the reflection, that it is fashionable: Many think that the custom of the world is obligatory, and that it would be a departure from the rules of politeness to neglect doing, what those do, whom wealth has placed as superiours in the circles in which they move. I have known persons who deemed it a duty to drink the same quantity with the most noted toper in company, and have emptied the same number of bottles, to the prejudice of their health and characters. Fashion has now become a tyrant, and all obey without hesitation her imperious example; the greatest of vices, when adopted by her, are called amusements; and whatever deviates from her injunctions, however rational and innocent, is termed mean and degrading: Should a common labourer expend his daily earnings at the card-table, or risk his daily substance on the cast of die, he would draw upon himself the contempt of the world; and those whose example has taught him to find beggary, would spurn at employing him, and even shut the hand of charity against his petitions. But the more dignified persons assemble at the *loo* table, and pass the evening in pilfering from the purses of each other, without a single mark of disapprobation. This fashionable gambling has now reached a dangerous height; there is nothing more common among the gay circles, than the cards to come as a matter of course when the tea table is cleared; and we observe, not without considerable regret, that our ladies are as fond of this unbecoming and detestable vice as the men, and encourage its practice with equal zeal. Tho' the purse be able to support the deprivation, for the sake of morality it should be checked. The domestics, naturally fond of imitating even the imperfections of their superiours, are soon affected by the pernicious example, and the kitchen is devoted to the same purpose as the par-

lour; indeed, I have known good servants ruined by this practice, and turned off too without a recommendation, because, from their master or mistress they had learned to amuse themselves with cards. The infection has now almost universally contaminated our youth; they do not restrain it to a family amusement, but meet in taverns to prosecute the infamous habit. *Loo* parties are formed, and almost every hour of those whose time is calculated for progress in literature, is not only wasted, but employed to the ruin of their morals and characters, to the destruction of all hopes of future eminence or respectability.

Billiards, a fascinating and destructive game, is equally universal; I mean not the general game, but a species commonly called *pool*, which is played at almost every table; our youth haunt these places with unaccountable eagerness, and stake large deposits on the uncertainty of a few minutes: There are now, I believe, at a moderate computation, not less than *fifty billiard tables* in this city, and every one occupied during six evenings in the week, and many, every day. Can we then wonder at the general ignorance of our youth, when their minds are constantly bent upon amusement, when a spirit of gaming so fastens itself upon them, that every thing useful is rejected?

There is another habit many have contracted, of lounging away their evenings at the theatre, and wasting their precious time in idle dissipation; I do not wish to be understood as declaiming against theatrical amusements; they may be converted to useful purposes, and I can discover no impropriety in occasional attendance, to the mind which uses them as a mean of devoting pleasure to instruction; but some purchase season tickets, and go there, not with a view of spending their hours profitably, but for the purpose of smoking or drinking in the coffee room, and frequently do not attend to a single act of the performance; their evenings thus spent, lead them into habits of idleness, of which they seldom can rid themselves, and instead of benefiting society by their talents, they become useless and unprofitable members of the community.

I have been led to notice these injurious practices, not with a view of showing their consequences, but to show that the very persons who should be noted for their exemplary morals, may with impunity pass those bounds, which others dare not approach without risking indelible disgrace. T.

ORIGINAL.

THE TORTOISE.—No. VI.

He thought as a sage—but he felt as a man. BEATTIE.

HAVING just taken leave of my friend WILSON at the stage-office; and returning home, I was overtaken by TRUEMAN, who in his plain way, accosted me, Well neighbour, I see you still persist in writing, you are determined to be an author. Indeed, said I, it is not for fame that I write, it is merely for amusement, and only as accident may furnish a subject. But, said he, that will not do, 'What has been, it is that which shall be again—and there is no new thing under the sun,' now, to render your numbers interesting, you must get the better of this proverb; it is a hard task to please every body, yet it may be accomplished by assiduity—I will aid you in the work, not by writing myself, but now and then I will furnish you with materials, which, tho' they may be more than ten centuries old for what I know, are nevertheless new, as I believe few ever saw them except the author and myself, and as it is not important for you to know how they came into my possession, I shall not trouble you with their history; suffice it to say, I have a small manuscript book, of ancient date, containing many odd things, which, if you think will suit your work, I will occasionally transcribe a section for your use. I thanked him for his proffered assistance, and he promised to send me in the evening, what he deemed sufficient for this number: Accordingly I received the following, which I submit to the taste of my readers.—

* * * * * * * * * * *

—— BERUTHA dwelt in a cave formed by Nature, that skilful architect, which Art has for centuries endeavoured to rival but without success—nor was he an idle gazer on the beauties of creation; every object of his notice furnished him a subject for meditation, and it was his care to register the result for the benefit of his heirs; and dost thou ask who those heirs were? gentle enquirer, thou art one; for so he willed, that all who should become acquainted with the circumstances of his life, should profit by his researches. Tho' secluded from the world, his soul associated with men, and often has he been known to condemn that state which himself courted, as contrary to the intention of that benificent BEING who created him and formed his mind for social intercourse; yet, would he say, that mix-

ed with the social sentiment there was an ingredient, which, tho' essential to human happiness, concentrated the affections to a certain point, and propeled them to a particular object, and should that object repel adhesion, the affections thus disturbed would so affect the social principle, as in a great degree, to render the possessor unfit for the common duties of his station in life, and influence him to seek that solitude which would then be more congenial to his feelings.

Thus circumstanced was BERUTHA: MALIVIA the fair, had captivated by the charms of her mind and person his youthful heart, whilst her affections were fixed on MORAH, who cherished them in his bosom until they were so mingled that by no mortal power could they be divided.—BERUTHA acknowledged the propriety of their union; but said he, am not I as a tree without a leaf for the scorching heats and the blasting winds to wither!—I will seek the shades of the forest, I will hide me in the mountain cave!—The influence of his passions drove him to this secluded state, where he remained, a stranger to society, until accidentally discovered by MALIVIA.

At the eve of a warm day in summer, when the sun seemed to have quenched his rays in the clouds of the west which rose majestically black, illumined by the yellow lightning, whilst the distant rolling thunder announced the speedily approaching storm, as he was returning from a solitary excursion ere the rain descended, he beheld, seated on a stone beneath a wide spreading oak not far from his grotesque habitation, a female nearly exhausted by fatigue and the violent emotions which seemed to agitate her mind; her manner was wild and her countenance expressive of the horrours which rent her soul; at the sight of BERUTHA she essayed to fly, but her feeble limbs refused to do their office—it was MALIVIA!—they knew not each other; for the lapse of time together with their altered circumstances had obliterated from their recollections those traits which were once familiar and to him impressive. BERUTHA calmed her fears with assurances of protection—the rain began to fall, and he prevailed on her to take shelter in the cave.—My sister, said he, be it my care to solace thy grief—but to what circumstance am I indebted for this opportunity of administering to thy comfort, what unpleasant accident hath befel thee? Alas! said she, I fled to this wood, to save from impending destruction, the only treasure I could snatch from the ravages of war, my infant son, and him have I lost in my attempt to preserve his life; we were weary,

and lay down on the green turf to refresh our fainting spirits, but O! whilst I slept, the enemy tore him from my arms! My sister, said BERUTHA, thy fears I hope are erroneous; it is not possible they would have taken thy child and not have disturbed thee—besides, in this sequestered shade the mercenary soldier seeks not for plunder—art thou acquainted with the maze of this thicket, canst thou find thy way to the village?—I am bewildered, said she, I know not whither to turn.—At this moment a noise was heard at a small distance—MALIVIA started—BERUTHA listened, then rushed to the spot from whence it proceeded—the storm encreased—MALIVIA seemed petrified—the terrific night, together with the still more horrid phantoms fancy presented to her imagination, divested her of strength, and she sank on the floor of the cave, where she remained till BERUTHA returned and revived her by the sight of her infant son; he had wandered from his mother whilst she slept, but recent occurrences had discomposed her reason, and occasioned her to attribute the loss of her child to a similar cause with that of her flight. She was now, by the attention and kindness of BERUTHA fast recovering, when the report of a gun reverberating among the trees, again caused her to clasp her son to her bosom, and sink with fear. BERUTHA endeavoured to comfort her with the assurance that it could be none other than a hunter who had lost his way and fired a signal of distress; and, continued he, shall I not seek for him, that he may not suffer when a shelter is so near?—She feared to reply—she knew not her hospitable host—but he, ascending an eminence, hallooed, which was answered, and holding a torch to direct the wary traveller, they soon met, and immediately recognized each other; in a few words they acquainted each other with the adventures of the night, but the impatient anxiety of the traveller soon brought them to the cave—here, no words can convey to the reader a proper idea of the various emotions and feelings which took possession of their several minds—it was MORAH, whom MALIVIA believed was slain in a contest with the detachment from the enemy who had attacked and burned their house; he had, by his prowess, escaped their fury, and sought MALIVIA in this forest whither he understood she had fled.

A meeting so fortuitous, could not be dissolved for several days; at length BERUTHA conducted them to the village, from whence they often afterwards visited their secluded benefactor and listened to his lectures with profit and delight.

TIM TITULAR.

ORIGINAL.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

(continued from page 131)

CONSTANTIA became alarmed at this strange, and to her, unaccountable conduct, at his altered looks and wasting form, and with sisterly affection asked the cause, Why, said she, do the clouds of sorrow darken your face; why this extreme love of solitude, this inordinate attachment to the gloom of yonder forest, and those rude scenes so seldom trodden by the feet of men? Ah, my brother! how different is your present and past conduct; my father, who loves you as he loves me, mourns the change, and knows not what to think; I pursue my studies alone, my pursuits alone, which were once enlivened by your participation, and lightened by your assistance; my flowers are gathered by the hands of a slave, and to him am I indebted for all those little attentions which you once delighted to offer; our little garden is overgrown with weeds; my piano resounds alone to measures which once received a mellow richness from the soft breathings of your now neglected flute; my morning walks and evening amusements are solitary and cheerless, for they are lonely, and their former companion is sad and melancholy;—you promised to assist me in the study of botany, but the subjects of it are wasting on the stems which nourished them:—I call on you to tell why all these things are now neglected? And yet, my brother, I do not complain—but am concerned to see you unhappy, while I am ignorant of the cause.

Thou, thou art alone the cause, he suddenly replied, my beloved sister; amidst the silence of that solitude which has been lately so often haunted by my footsteps, I have, in those intervals when the grandeur of the surrounding objects has overwhelmed and made me retire into myself, examined my heart, and found there nothing but the affection I bear you; it feels no warm wish with which you are unconnected; my imagination presents no pictures in which you are not the principal object; every prospect of futurity is gloomy and overcast, unless you are seen in the perspective; you were, in idea, the companion of those lonely walks, when I have endeavoured to forget myself—and hesitating, he added, and even you, dear as you are to my heart, dear as is the remembrance of your goodness, even you I have strived to forget!

And have you then succeeded? she asked with a timid and melancholy air, have you been able to forget the happy hours which in our childhood glided so swiftly away? those hours which even in spite of your unkindness will be forever remembered by me? Ah no! never, never, it is impossible to forget you my dear sister; sooner would I forget my own existence, and doubt the reality of all around me; my endeavours were vain; the very trial wound thy remembrance closer about my heart: I shunned you, because I believed you no longer loved me; in that thought was madness itself; and I mourned in secret the severity of my fate: Ah! CONSTANTIA, I am an isolated being, without desert, without claims, without gratitude. Nay, away with those idle dreams, my brother; suffer not yourself to be distressed by the contemplation of evils which have not existed; be cheerful, be happy. How could HENRY refuse? it was CONSTANTIA bade him be happy; and in the intoxication of the moment, he ventured to snatch a kiss from those lovely lips that once more awakened in his mind a dream of felicity.

CONSTANTIA commanded her feelings (or rather her prudence) and suffered him to take the valued favour as he had done in the days of greater ignorance and greater felicity; her tender ingenuous mind was notwithstanding a prey to various painful sensations, that intuitive perception which teaches woman she is born to be sought after by man, made her at first condemn with severity the distant conduct of him she still called by the affectionate name of brother, which had first been produced by their mutual sensations and mutual simplicity, and their ignorance of the precise nature of what they felt for each other; nor let the reader think it strange, for though the seeds of love are planted in our bosom by the hand of Nature, "grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength," yet she does not inform us, when we first nourish the sentiment, that its name is *love*: They both had, it is true, received an education as good as the country they inhabited could afford; but novels, which are the principal teachers of the inexperienced in the art or science of love, they never read; occupied with studies of a different nature, holding little intercourse with those *wise* misses, who are acquainted with its nature before they are susceptible of its impression, they may be excused for their ignorance; yet that ignorance prevailed only in a certain degree; CONSTANTIA felt that she loved, and was beloved in return; she knew that it was not the same

sentiment which she had formerly felt for HENRY, that now animated her bosom; but she commanded her feelings, and without suffering him to proceed any farther in the declaration of his passion, cheered him with those kind expressions of unabated affection which were calculated to restore to him some of his former serenity, without giving him any improper encouragement; nor must the reader suppose her altogether disinterested, we who are best informed, venture to assert, that there was a considerable portion of selfishness in the act, and that the pleasure she felt in his return to their society was not less than his own.

HENRY's former pursuits were again resumed, the little garden cultivated, and their mutual study of botany diligently attended; the blooming nosegay formed of the fairest and rarest flowers, cultivated by his own hands, again blushed in the bosom of his sister; together they viewed and admired all that was beautiful, all that was sublime in the works of nature; again their united music arrested the softly breathing breeze of evening, on whose fragrant wings its sounds were borne to echo, who, from her ærial dwelling, returned note for note in trembling melody, till they died away upon the expiring gale. Mr. BENTON rejoiced at the change; he knew better than they did, the cause of their late unhappiness; he had felt the same sensations, when at the earliest dawn of passion, his soul sighed to meet its kindred spirit; their's was pure and innocent as the flower that, wet with dew, blushes to meet the bright eye of morning; he did not trace its progress with displeasure; no lofty notions of self or family consequence disturbed his repose; he loved them both, and wished for, rather than dreaded their union; he believed that no passion, founded on mere accidental acquaintance, could prove so happy, or so durable, as their's which had been generated by habit, cemented by friendship and virtue, and enlivened by love; and as to his power of providing for them, though he did not possess great comparative wealth, he thought what had been amply sufficient to make him happy, might make them so likewise. Yet he was once more doomed to suffer disappointment, the calm which reigned in his little family, was like that slumber of the ocean, which precedes a storm.—— *(to be continued)*

THINGS may be seen differently, and differently shewn; but *actions* are visible, though *motives* are secret.

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

A LITTLE STORY.

ERE *Lux'ry* with his sickly train,
Took passage 'cross the surgy main,
Industry two fine daughters rais'd,
Whom all men sought, whom all men prais'd;
The one was *Health*—her sire *Content*,
Her sister *Beauty*, innocent;
They liv'd in bonds of equal love,
And ne'er from home essay'd to rove;
At early dawn their task began,
With *Industry*, the friend of man,
And calm *Content*, with brow serene,
By whom pale *Want* was never seen;
Thus, while united, they were blest,
Their sports were simple, sweet their rest;
But ah! gay *Lux'ry* found their cot,
And env'ing their more happy lot,
By arts insidious, base, by stealth,
Ran off, one night, with blooming *Health*.
Their circle mar'd, erst, calm *Content*,
With *Industry*, the theft lament;
Now gloom pervades their ruffled minds,
And *Beauty* no admirer finds;
Content at home is seldom known,
And *Industry* is sickly grown,
Whilst *Beauty*, sad, no charms can boast,
She mourns her dear companion lost;
Disease and *Want* their cottage seize,
Mild Peace is banish'd, Comfort flees.—
—— But, lo! *Necessity* appears,
And banishes their growing fears;
By bold assault, and stern command,
Drives *Lux'ry* from th' invaded land;
Industry's spirit now revives,
Sweet *Health* returns, and *Beauty* lives;
Content his placid mien assumes,
And each the pleasing task resumes,
Whilst all united now agree,
To bless the pow'r that set them free.

ALICIAN.